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Book 3



August, ~~September~~ 2010

£13

RISING UP

11 August 2010 Wed

Wake up and smell the truth - a truth that, if true, is guaranteed to disquiet, destabilize, possibly even explode the dominant image of our age.



The Mad Prophets of Abraxas

Performing Grimly Ironic Phenomenology with a scientifically inspired philosophy and worldview. I present a challenge to people's belief structures which is disquieting and destabilizing.

MIND Roman Catholic Catechism

Q: What is the soul?

A: The soul is a living being without a body, having reason and free will.

I have long since overcome the errors of my early education and indoctrination into our society.

Having figured out how to feed myself without too much stress, my entire being is more calm.

I can't afford marijuana. It's ok. I will better be able to concentrate on my deep studies.

I even suspect M- of being glad to see me.

She actually asked me what I have been.

I am flirting with alcohol, and filled with lust.

A dive in the ocean before 5 will refresh me.

So this is how I live my life. The day passes quite calmly when I abstain from alcohol. I wake up rested with enough lucidity to pick up where I left off before sleep. Then I can dive in the ocean, after coffee and News, after which I can eat breakfast, hit the library, and return to the apartment for a nap before my afternoon swim. And so it goes. You on vacation, chief? No. This is my life, fuck face.

I consider spending my \$35 on a trip to Freehold tomorrow, but why bother? Do I really have funds to spare for marijuana? I wonder when I will have to appear in court for aggravated assault. I will not waste my life worrying in vain over the details of how the State will go about "punishing me".

When I got to where I was going in Seattle, eventually I realized that homelessness and living in a tent was not conducive to being a scholar. It is difficult to carry the texts even when one has limited one's holy books to Schopenhauer, Cioran, Husserl, Merleau-Ponty, Frances Cras-Walking, Daniel Quirin, Jared Diamond, Owen Flanagan, etc.

Now that I have finally liberated myself from alcoholic oblivion and the downward spiral of cocaine, addictive manipulative associates, and even the counter-productive therapeutic community CPC, I can face MY LIFE as it is — and embrace it!

12 August 2010 Thursday

Even though I see I will be broke for the remainder of the month, to have made it this far, with rent paid, bail bonds paid, and some food in my pantries, I have to smile. Those who I have met in the county jail will appreciate the literature I send in. Coleman is going to dig the hardcover dictionary, for sure. He will share it with everyone.

Over the following 3 weeks, I will be able to determine which books to mail to I-1.

H-2 has 34 books from me so far. Which book would be most appreciated on I-1? The dictionary is a great start. It will be a presence in I-1 that will change LIFE.

Most likely, I will send in Emile Cioran's The Trouble With Being Born so that 31 can really appreciate the dictionary.

Birth is the source of every disaster.

So, now I want to call myself an ironist.
I will not settle on a self-image.

Shoshana Felman has a section on irony in Writing & Madness: The Irony of Irony: The Rhetoricity of "Madness". That book, like WNR2 would be great for me, but what would help Coleman and others trapped in I-1? Here I sit wanting some herb, but if I just reflect upon the I cells with my poor trapped brothers and sisters, I am inspired to Seize the Day.

The Problem of the Soul attacks the idea of "the Creator." ||
What does this say about BASIC CALL TO CONSCIOUSNESS?

I am more inclined to send in Steve Toltz's A Fraction of the Whole. The book includes a jail, as well as the crazy book for "CRIMINALS".

Now, that is a fun book... It shows that we can be very busy while in jail. The dude writes the story of his father's ideas. Jasper Dean says there is no soul. And yet there is the mysterious Asain who gives Martin Dean money - his brother is not dead. Maybe there are inmates in the county jail from such families. They are probably people in jail who will identify with the young hoodlums. We are characters! We influence our communities. I will give myself some time before deciding.

Do I want to instruct or entertain?
I don't have to decide now.



Now, I have \$15 put aside for my post office box - I need the key. I pick it up tomorrow. Why this compulsion to travel into Freshford to smoke back and wander around hiding my books from rain? Soon I will be out of tobacco which will bring me face to face with the prison cell of the body.

Note: Mental superiority readily shows itself on every occasion, and it is instantly felt and detested by others. Hence, one who possesses intelligence will be hated.



2010.08.14

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My mother enjoyed the Beach Boys concert even though we sat on the grass outside the auditorium. She said it was the most fun she had all summer, which is kind of sad. To me, this was the only time I was able to "do" anything with anyone yet all this summer as I have pretty much been in jail all summer (since May 17th).

This ritual of writing in my "diary" is therapeutic for me. Even with the sadness I feel in my heart over my nephew's deep pain, I am no longer paralysed. I have moved on. It seemed like a total disaster going out to battle, but I survived.

Now, with court dates in my future with possible jail time, I really can do nothing but try to remain grounded in the moment and not become too depressed about possible setbacks. While I may have felt a little depressed tonight, just seeing my mom smile and having her tell me that that was the most fun she's had all summer makes it so valuable to be able to NOT BE DRUNK.

I can settle in for the evening knowing I'm not really missing anything by not being inebriated. In fact, I am now somehow outside the blur of amusement, entertainment, and distractions. I face existence alone like everyone else. How can I not have compassion for all that breathes?

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p4
I write because no one is interested in what I have to say. People are looking for relief in drugs, alcohol, sex, automobiles, careers, etc. For me, it doesn't get any better than sitting down with a philosophical book alone in my apartment.

Do many people ever reach a point where an evening spent alone is more pleasing than searching in vain for companionship?

Can we fathom how many lonely people exist? Even those who seek thrills in clubs could be exerting energy all in vain.

One thing I came to understand when I moved so far from my mother is how much she means to me. Is it possible for me to become a friend to my mother - a friend who can enjoy her company? I think so. I am very patient with my mother whereas others seem to be less so.

I have gotten away from cocaine (Federal Way, Washington). Now I am even away from alcohol. I really have no desire to get drunk. I can fall to sleep rather than pass out. The lessons I have learned through experience can't be taken from me. We are not alive simply to be happy. I don't know why we exist at all. Evidently, this is not a requirement.

Happiness is not a requirement for staying alive. We do not choose to be born into the families and societies we are born into. What about our character, identity, and personality? Like my nephew - we had been such close friends for so many years. I never imagined we would ever have had a "falling out." It kind of breaks my heart.

And the pain between my nephew and his parents is more excruciating. It really is a sad state of affairs. I wish my nephew's pain could be healed!

Am I finally coming to terms with my own loneliness? I am what I am. Certainly I am not alone in being alone. There is a great paradox - that so many people in our world are so lonely and alienated. I don't have a solution, nor do I think a solution exists. Tragedy seems guaranteed for all of us. There is no easy way out.

At least I may discover a way out of the unnecessary anguish over God, "damnation," and public opinion. I don't have to accept the opinion that I am a devil just because I have "white skin" or am of European descent. I am sure that this subtle sadness I experience is the root of what has driven me to alcoholic oblivion in the past. Now I want to feel this loneliness without being overwhelmed by it.

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§ 2 §

THE RIGHT TO BE SAD

It is bad luck to have been born. This truth goes against what we are bombarded with, that life itself is a great gift. No wonder, so many people are disappointed with the way life has turned out.

The best one can shoot for is to rest in peace, in undisturbed leisure. If only we could sleep through the heartache. How do people handle tragedy? Life can be so painful, so lonely, such a nightmare.

How many parents wish they could protect their offspring from the pain inherent in life?

If there is no purpose to our suffering, why do we carry on? ~~Does~~ Does life teach us not to want it? Have I reached this point?

The reason I am drawn to Schopenhauer and Cigron is because they do not pull any punches when it comes to pointing out the horror of being born. I would rather think honestly about our penurious situation than think "if only x I would be happy." I doubt anyone is truly happy.

And so, like John (the Savage) in Huxley's Brave New World,
I demand the right to be unhappy.
I am relieved to be out of jail but nervous
about going to court. I don't expect to find
a solution or a cure for ~~my~~ this "burden". Like Schopenhauer, I must to
devote my life to understanding the human
condition. May I be a good son to
my mother. May I be a source
of tenderness in her life!

If she ends up needing me to return to the
work-force to take care of her, may I be
granted the opportunity. Until then, if I
can work out some kind of philosophy that
will give me the courage to endure the
unpleasantness of being alive, I may be
able to be able to offer at least
emotional support to my mother.

No more daydreams of Shalonda. That's over.
No more daydreams of Nati. Pathetic.
My nephew was right about that. I just
wish he were not so mean-spirited.
For all the compassion I show him, I wonder
why he has been so cruel to me.
What do I reflect upon to help me sleep
in peace? There is no reason to be born.
There is no need to curse anyone for no one escapes the
trials, tribulations, setbacks, and tragedies of life.



Why do I prefer solitude over relationships?
If I am in a sad state in general for no particular reason, it is not a problem when I'm alone. On the other hand, if I am with a woman, she may accuse me of being "negative," "depressing," or even a "loser." In other words, I only when we are alone are we free to be ourselves.
Why pretend to be happy if you are genuinely sad, disappointed, dejected, disillusioned?

I was sad in jail. I am sad out of jail. Perhaps many recently released convicts are a bit shaken by the phenomenon, that there is plenty of pain, boredom, dissatisfaction, and frustration out here as well. Perhaps they may find the truths they experience unbearable.

Maybe I ought to be thankful to have developed an understanding about life's true nature: that life is sad and unpleasant. I should not be surprised that life has turned out to be one long validation of what I proclaimed at age 15 - that "LIFE SUCKS".
But it is not "MY LIFE SUCKS".
No. I imagine it is quite universal.

I therefore find it impossible to hate others even when they have abused me because I understand the kind of pain and trauma that cause others to lash out. My god I hope my nephew realizes I never felt him slipping away... Did it happen when he was going to Rutgers? What was I doing? I was on welfare, depressed about not finding a job as a computer scientist.

What have I "done with my life"?

I have been a philosopher. I have contemplated on what the purpose could be. It is quite a nightmare, and I try to handle it as best as I can. No one can help me with this dilemma as they are also caught in it.

Not many people even wish to discuss the real dilemma we're born into.

Again I ask, "How can anyone alive not have compassion for all sentient beings?"

Is this "love"? Is love a consequence of understanding? Thinking of my own death brings me great peace. Death is not to be feared. It is BIRTH which has put us in this situation. Death releases us from all our so-called troubles. Would my insights be helpful to others who are depressed?

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I wonder why I even bother keeping track of my website. There are only about 4 people I who post, and not regularly. Is it all in vain?

Maybe I am better off scribbling my thoughts in a private notebook. Is it even necessary at all to express my true feelings to the world?

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If my capacity for suffering were greater, would I be as miserable as I am? I happen to be honest with myself about my outlook on life. There is no reason to lie to myself.

I am neither happy nor do I believe there is something I can get that will make me happy. I don't believe Jesus will make me happy. I don't believe a woman would make me happy. It doesn't seem to be the nature of existence to provide "happiness".

And so I cuddle into a ball under a blanket, thankful to be momentarily out of the dungeons. May this life pass swiftly.

May I develop the strength, patience, compassion, and other traits that will help me endure having been born. May I always remember that everyone else has also been thrown into existence, and that no one is spared a new similar "HORROR".

15 August 2010 ~~Sat~~
Sunday

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I awaken a little depressed, trying to see how our moods and emotions are an internal weather system. Is it possible to be more content grounded in reality than lost in delusion, fantasy, vanity, and public image?

I can just forget about Shalonda. Relief? Sure. There is no reason for us to remain "friends" as we are surely an incompatible pair: She is a TV-head, I'm a book brain.

I awaken somewhat inspired to continue my reading projects. Some powerful chapters I plan to study today from WNR2. Also, I am in the heart of Flanagan's, The Problem of the Soul. Sure I have laundry to wash, but I also feel like going for a swim in the ocean to exert my independence. How many others are as alone as I am? Marijuana may seem to help, but life is not much different without it.



It is a relief to finally accept that people are profoundly disinterested in what I have to say - hence I don't feel any motivation to formulate my ideas; clearly, people are interested in money. People want money - universal security.

How has being thrown in the county jail ~~at~~ twice this summer affected my mental state? I have lost interest in drunkenness. What is the point? All the hours spent in oblivion are given back to me.

What do I want to fill these hours with? Worrying about my future? I am under the radar in a sense. Everywhere I look I see misery and want. Why would I be surprised to discover a disturbing feeling within me telling me the overall picture of life is too horrifying to behold?

Life is not a party. I am not alive to entertain the masses. I am not alive for the amusement of others. The truth is that we each must be our most urgent dilemma to ourselves. Having been born is the central dilemma, the source of all our grief. Do I gain any satisfaction in reflecting upon these truths?

Surely I am put "at ease" knowing there is nothing to be had in this world, that all is vanity. Must we wait until we are at death's door before embracing the seeming purposelessness of our having been born? There is a reason why so many teenagers commit suicide!

And so I let people be. I leave people alone. We can't help anyone else. Each of us lives as we do and our response to being born is our own unique Quality.

Quality is the response of an organism to its environment. My response has been to devote myself to philosophy. My "Master" is Arthur Schopenhauer.



There is no reason to envy anyone in this life!
 Who is to say who is responding most intelligently
 with their circumstances? If one has found
 "The Kingdom of Heaven" within them, who would be
 able to detect this?

The best revenge is to live well.
 Heaven and Hell, if they exist at all, are states
 of being. My idea of "Heaven" is the absence
 of WANTING. Hell would be "insatiable
 appetite". It has nothing to do with the degree of
 one's wealth, power, or social status. There are
 those who get very wrapped up and entangled in
 the "appearances" of the life-world, missing
 out on the simple pleasures that make life,
 if not worth living, then at least tolerable,
 where one can at least be confident that
 life has in deed got their full attention.



Now that I am broke, the season beach pass my
 Mother, the Mother, purchased for me at the end of
 June, can be used. 13 uses → \$65
 Sitting by the ocean does not offer the high I
 experience upon smoking marijuana, nor does
 it fill me with ~~some~~ song and dance
 like drunkenness. Sitting here alone, able to
 be my "clearly whole" Being connects me to
 a stream of consciousness.



My sister may not "get it", that my mental powers have grasped the nature of this psychological idea of "God". Didn't Christopher Marlowe upset his contemporaries with his atheistic notions?

Perhaps I am a natural logician. Perhaps Schopenhauer as my Master Professor Educator is no joke. I supplement WWR2 with Flanagan's The Problem of the Soul.

Note: Coming down to the ocean "cured" me of my "depression". No longer feeling so trapped, I have learned things from my mother, I like to cut the bullshit and just relax. No need to pretend to be "doing something with my life".

Now that I have taken a reprieve from oblivion, I come face to face with issues that are the root.

The Problem of the Soul was well worth the \$20.

It helps me to tie together Schopenhauer's philosophy with cognitive science, phenomenology, gort busting, and even Buddhism!

Many Buddhists are master phenomenologists. I could be a master phenomenologist.

I may have been Schopenhauerian even as a teenager when I was just philosophizing, long before learning about philosophy or Buddhism.

Both Edmund Husserl (phenomenologist) and Buddhists work to eliminate preconceptions about how experience was supposed to be as a condition of discovering how it really is!

Could it be that the "discoveries" of phenomenologists and Buddhists are available to all sentient beings?

The "depressive mood" has lifted. No breakfast necessary.

Major breakthrough: The Problem of the Soul

Chapter 5 Permanent Persons, a section called "Buddhism and the Scientific Image"

Of course I would smoke reefer if I had it, but I resist alcohol. I resist the tendency to spend the day drinking beer. I am cons I ahead of the knuckle draggers sitting around watching "the game".

The Problem of the Soul jumped at me in the Barnes & Noble on ~~Wednesday~~ Tuesday when my mom brought me to Freehold for my father's birthday celebration.

I am on a path to becoming a Master Buddhist phenomenologist. What this "I" is is simply a label used to imply a permanent self, but there is no permanent self revealed phenomenologically. "I" is just a word that we use to indicate that the ever-changing subject of experience is having

some experience or other. [The indexical "I", the related pronouns "me" and "myself", as well as our possession of an unchanging proper first name, contribute to the illusion of a permanent, stable, and immutable self — an illusion that mindfulness, introspection, or phenomenology as an activity performed by a changing system undermines.]

Schopenhauer and Flanagan both acknowledge the superiority of Buddhism as a great ethical and metaphysical tradition. It rejects the theological impulse.

[Nowhere does any Buddhist phenomenologist see, experience, or discover a permanent self.]

[Phenomenology is an activity performed by a dynamic system on itself. It is introspection.]

[The Natural Self is an ever changing system, not a permanent identity.]

When I purchased The Problem of the Soul I did not expect Flanagan to be able to validate my obsession with phenomenology. One thing Flanagan ignored was the work of Arthur Schopenhauer — a true phenomenologist if there ever was one.

Perhaps my task will be to include Schopenhauer and phenomenology in exploring the questions presented by cognitive science.

Schopenhauer declared long ago how unthinkable the concept of a brainless thinking entity - soul. It doesn't matter if 1 out of 1000 people understand my intellectual adventure. I have reached a point - "I", meaning this stream of conscious experience - where I have more confidence in my own thinking than whoever I encounter.

Some things we can not speak about: God, the soul, free-will. Why? They are incoherent and errors passed through the generations to answer profound questions such as "Why is there something rather than nothing?"

How do I explain finding this book by Owen Flanagan right at this juncture where I am making a commitment to deep meditation upon Schopenhauer's The World As Will & Representation, Volume 2?

How was I to know COGNITIVE SCIENCE, PHENOMENOLOGY, and BUDDHISM would merge into such common roots?

Rigorous phenomenology is underdeveloped in the West. I had been pointing toward phenomenology, atheism, Schopenhauer, and even Buddhism for years since "Gort Busters", but even much earlier, I've been on this path toward "enlightenment". If there is no self or soul, what is it that "EXISTS"?

[The self is a product of narrative construction.
The self is a fictional entity.] This stream of
conscious experience wonders why Flanagan does not
mention Schopenhauer; but even as a stand-alone text,
I imagine that were an inmate at the county jail
to discover THE PROBLEM OF THE SOUL, that
inmate might feel like the hero in some kind of
science fiction adventure of the Kilgore Trout variety.

Even now, as I continue to investigate the text, I feel
this stream of consciousness is going where few minds
explore - and I am on familiar ground.
Phenomenology and introspection are not
foreign activities to this stream of consciousness!



Theoretical mental occupations make us unfit for practical
affairs, and vice versa. Cooking potatoes and eggs,
doing laundry, walking to purchase tobacco -
I don't engage in mental occupations unless I am
able to take care of "practical affairs" first,
such as food, clothing, shelter.



Schopenhauer wrote that Kant's proposition, "The
I THINK must accompany all our representations"
is insufficient; for, the "I" is an unknown
quantity, in other words, it is itself a mystery
and a secret.]

["Fundamentally it is the will that is spoken of whenever
"I" occurs in judgment "

The will (to live) is the root of the intellect.]

I shall not sit back and get drunk while leaving WWR2
on the shelf any longer! My original copy I was
purchased in 1998 or so. Now, nearly 20 years
later I am getting into it!

Surely it looks worn and studied, but I have yet to
really read through it in its entirety.

I plan to study it in depth and then use both
volumes in synch for the remainder of my life.

Of course, I can't predict when this stream of consciousness
will expire, perhaps a member of my culture and
species will find my notes valuable in becoming
a master phenomenologist.

Once this load of towels and shirts is washed/dried, I
may return to the ocean before going for more tobacco.

Maintaining a clear mind is a delicate
operation. Too many of my days and nights have
been robbed by hangers-on. Too many hours have
I stumbled incapacitated. The Rasta Man
suggested I walk with my head held high and
to reject the role of drunken madman.
Why would Bukowski encourage alcoholism?



[I am genuinely inspired by Flanagan's The Problem of the Soul

"I came to disrespect most adults for not examining their beliefs and especially for not seeing that many of their deepest commitments were due to utter accidents involving the temporal and geographical location of their births. I thought of most adults as unreflective and lemminglike. My rebellion was quiet and polite, largely carried out in the privacy of my heart with considerable fear, anxiety, and a vivid and abiding sense of loneliness."]

[philosophy in the flesh : Ever since I was a teenager I have been recognized as a philosopher.]

Through an accident of birth I am "white" "American".

Is it possible to earn a living as a philosopher or cognitive neuroscientist? Schopenhauer admonished against "teaching philosophy" as a livelihood.

And yet philosophy, phenomenology, mind science is my ^{LIFE} [The philosopher's job is to question unquestioned beliefs.]



[Natural selves are imperfect. Biochemical changes in the "weather within" can bring a person low, making a happy person depressed.]

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[The stream of consciousness, my experiences, and actions, my character, my personality are all changeable, part of the flux, so these cannot make me, me.]

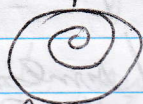
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Walking down to the ocean with overcast skies when hardly anyone is there (after 5 PM) seems to satisfy my "soul". What is the seat of this "soul"? Is this a ritual or simply animal being-in-time without resorting to television or alcohol?

I could, if I wanted to, walk down to the corner and pick up a 6 pack of Coors original. What prevents me from doing so?

For one, I have already witnessed how crisp my brain/mind felt when browsing Bookstore. I was so focused that I was able to zero in on the new text, I "needed" to crank up a notch my enthusiasm for an in depth (sober) reading of Schopenhauer's WVR2 Flanagan's The Problem of 'the Soul'.

I look around and I do not regret being a "freak," an abnormality, somehow, due to my engagement for nearly the entire summer as well as the possibility of returning

all
to jail in a couple months when I go to court,
I have in my possession an incredibly
powerful appreciation, for not only freedom of
volition, but also a deep appreciation
for MENTAL CLARITY. The stream of
consciousness is no longer a painful blur,
but has become crisp and in focus.



The World As Will & Representation, Volume 2, by Schopenhauer
is A BOMB dropped in the penal colony
of Monmouth County. I can't imagine what it
might mean to someone who had to do much
time!

Why has it taken all this time to get Schopenhauer
into the county jail? Better late than never.
Special delivery, courtesy of Asbury Park.

Should I land in the county jail, that book may be there
for me. If not I'll have Mom mail it in
both volumes to me \$26?

There is no stop to this. Schopenhauer's WWR is
like an operating manual for the human brain.

" Unconsciousness is the original and natural condition of
all things. The unconsciousness of the plant,
from which it started, still always remains the
foundation, and this is to be observed in the

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necessity for sleep ... "

I really believe more people will be instructed by WWR2 than I can imagine. Whoever is hungry for deep philosophical thought is going to wake up bright-eyed, eager for another "Schopenhauer session".

I wonder if someone will read it aloud or even interpret into Spanish.

Another strong chapter XV "On the Essential Imperfections of the Intellect".

Tomorrow I will begin XVI "On the Practical Use of Our Reason and on Stoicism".

Could my progression into WWR2 be a consequence of not drinking alcohol?



16 August 2010 Monday

"Even brass becomes worn out in time, but never will future ages detract from your fame, Diogenes. For you alone showed the splendour of a frugal and moderate existence. You show the easiest path to the happiness of mortals."



"For every aid, comfort, enjoyment, and pleasure by which people would like to make life more agreeable, would produce only new worries and cares greater than those that originally belonged to it." - S

The Core of the Doctrine of Cynicism:

"The Stoics describe perfect happiness as the highest goal, for the sake of which everything is done."

"Virtue itself promises to bring about happiness."



George Carlin would have enjoyed Flanagan's The Problem of the Soul. My sister has told me that Carlin represents everything she is against. How about that? What about Schopenhauer? I doubt she would even be capable of understanding him, so damaged is her ~~own~~ own ability to think from so many years of filling her brain with religious hogwash.

The time is long overdue for me to once and for all cease the senseless debate with my sister over everything. The representation of her in my imagination is becoming less beautiful to me as I witness the very qualities I despise in mean-spirited religious fundamentalists.



I have a strong urge to get a 6 pack of beer. Why?
I wish I knew. The standard answer would be "Because you're an alcoholic." Why does anyone buy beer? To pleasure the brain.

There are other ways to pleasure the brain. The stoic strategy is not to seek pleasure but to avoid pain. I want to avoid jail.

I want to avoid stupification. Now, I could be sitting here doing nothing but thinking, and this could be I when I am being my most authentic "natural self." I could I be on the verge of a major insight. Drinking beer would short-circuit this process.

It is perfectly OK to sit on my ass doing nothing. Alcohol is a depressant. There will be an effect on my brain chemistry. Take note of p. 177 of Book 1 of Winds of Change (April 2010).

The handwriting reveals drunkenness. I ~~scribbled~~ about how "all I need are volumes 1 and 2 of Schopenhauer's World As Will & Representation."

On p. 179 I vow, "if it takes the rest of my life, to STUDY Volume Two of Arthur Schopenhauer's magna opus."

On the bottom of page 182 I read something very disturbing (April 11) about my mother harping on me about my beer drinking:

"If my mother continues to harp on me about my indulgence in beer drinking, I'm gonna have to cut her off. She can either love me and accept me unconditionally or she can just stay the hell away from me like the rest of this goddamned society."

That is simply all-too-clear! Now, surely I do not want to "cut her off"! I want to be close to my mother at this point in her life. The last time I started drinking (2003), it took me 7 years to get 30 days without alcohol in my system.

Do I really want to return to the pattern where I hit the liquor store after the library for 12 packs of beer? Do I really want to risk more problems with the police, new charges, and find myself back in the county jail?

What "good" is drunkenness? I can go down to the ocean for a swim in the ocean and ~~for~~ continue reading Cognitive Science & Philosophy. There is no need for beer in my life as a serious philosopher.

On my way home from the library I saw Clint from Matawan. He is "clean" - through God, Jesus, and Positive Thinking.

Doesn't drunkenness take us deeper into the vegetative unconscious? Yes, but once the brain is drenched in alcohol, one does not just "snap out of it".

"I" - whatever that is - "thinks" "it" wants to lubricate the brain with alcohol mildly with a little 6 pack of Coors in the bottles. Why? To celebrate being out of jail?

My mother said that my drinking hurts her.
(see p 187 of WINDS OF CHANGE, Book One).

I reflect upon the film, "Henry Fool", where Henry picks up a 6 pack of Budweiser and settles down writing and reviewing his "Confessions". Simon cracks a pair of beer while reading classic literature on his lunch break.

On page 1 of Winds of Change, Book 2, the first paragraph is:

"13 April 2010 Tuesday I drank all day yesterday but it did not get me high at all. I feel utterly miserable. I want to return to Schopenhauer's work, specifically Volume 2 of The World As Will & Representation. There can be no denying the misery I feel. At least I know I that there is no geographical cure to the ravaging of my spirit."

On page 2 I wrote, "I wonder if I may be ready to quit drinking."

also: "Life itself is a miserable failure, not simply my life, as others would have me believe."

Life may be a miserable failure. Does alcoholic inebriation help? I value my intelligence - How dramatically, my intelligence is reduced when I'm inebriated!

Alcohol is used around the world as a lubricant. People want to be happy. Alcohol is a depressant. I can get depressed and morbid without the beer. I don't have to be happy.

I can be "NEGATIVE".

I can deny the existence of God.

I can even question the idea of "self" - I don't have to believe in a soul that survives death. All this, I can even drink

a 6 pack of beer. The beer is not necessary. Life is not a party. Yes, but some people drink alcohol while sitting alone thinking deep thoughts.

Isn't it better to go through each day without beer so that I am able to give myself a chance to be my natural self?

I can "see" what I do. I can sit thinking - the same thing I do when drunk.

Why does one decide to return to alcoholic stupor?
How do I resist this "compulsion" to
indulge in a 6 pack?

Well, there is this suspicion I have that I
have "gained something valuable" that took
several weeks to develop. I have a
sense of life-goals, such as becoming a
master of introspection.

What the brain seeks now most likely won't
be discovered in a 6 pack of beer.

My life gives me many opportunities to reach
the higher state of freedom.
Many I drink alcohol out of freedom.

Which part of the brain decides what I do?

Conscious or Unconscious?

I may consciously want to get beer and
unconsciously want to protect my brain.

The unconscious does not have to be "the
Devil." How about this? It is more difficult NOT
to drink alcohol when the body itself is addicted.
Now that my system is over 40 days without
alcohol, it is easier just not to drink at
all. Let sleeping giants lay.

My goal is to live as an actual master phenomenologist, defying norms, happily "out of work", and to see how well I can live outside of the culture of drugs & alcohol. There is a great brain lurking in this skull, and I may be able to live as a great philosopher courageously questioning the most cherished beliefs of our society without feeling compelled to stupification. I want to give myself a chance to "be natural," even if this means sitting under a tree or on the beach reading a book.

Alcohol will not make me "high" or "happy" anymore than reading the Bible or Koran will.

I seek "well-being", mental health, and emotional maturity. My mother trusts I have a new appreciation for my simple life, that I don't want to destroy my brain with alcohol. My relationship with my mother has value to me. More importantly, I suspect that my brain has been regrouping, that it-itself appreciates the absence of inebriation since it is now better able to focus, to complete "projects".

Do I need a project to justify the necessity for a clear mind? Perhaps I've been feeling like I might as well be drunk because there is

nothing to motivate me to value my cognitive abilities. When I was going to college from 1998 to 2002 I did not drink because I valued my BRAIN's neocortical functioning.

A thought came to me while walking home from the store (for a pack of cigarettes): I create my own "virtual university."

What am I studying?

The World As Will & Representation by Schopenhauer
Cognitive Neuroscience (The Problem of the Soul, see p 78)

My project? An exploratory effort designed to prompt new thoughts on how we come to know the world and ourselves.

This project requires some challenging reading. I will not be able to retain nor comprehend what I am reading if I am drunk.

Just because I found 4 more books on Brain Science does not mean I will explore them all tonight or even all of them before I go to court. I don't want my conscious waking life to be a blur. My trip to Seattle & Washington was mostly a blur, but not totally. I have my notes.

and i

Cognitive Science, could be an antidote to Western philosophy.
The sneaky secret about choice is that it is not about choice at all - it's about value.

Do I value a clear mind? Don't I prefer a clear mind over the incapacitated state induced by alcoholic inebriation? I can't write you from drunk. The journals I gave my nephew were filled with such psychobabble that he has lost respect for me.

He sees me as I was: pathetic.

I'm the only one who has to forgive me. My nephew would most likely be pleased to know I am for the moment off booze. Now I VALUE my cognitive functionality to such an extent that I do not want to "lose it." Even though "I" may have thought I wanted to become intoxicated, my awareness of the immediate physiological effects of inebriation sent me loud signals that were I to drink a 6 pack I would ~~not~~ be LOSING an intellectually stimulating evening studying "computational neuroscience" and cognitive science.

Note that while I spent \$20 on a book I finished in 1 week, the 4 texts I found today at the library brings the expenditure to \$4 per book - and it is Flanagan's book which led me to these others.

The terms Mind Science and Brain Science are used frequently. I believe I am simply proceeding from Computer Science to Cognitive Science or even Cognitive Neuroscience.

I retain Schopenhauer because I see him as one of the original "Cognitive Scientists". He was definitely moving us in this direction.

Will computational neuroscience help me understand addiction better? Maybe my background in "computer science" would serve as a foundation evolving into cognitive science.

Chemists, ~~the~~ doctors, and computer scientists may find common ground for new approaches to a range of mental and neurological problems. We are fundamentally computational creatures.

neuroscience does not imply cognitive science.



Life may in fact be without meaning, but it is still fascinating to be alive.

Note: Next month I may just get a phone card... This prepaid phone crap is too expensive.

Note: My nephew contacted my mother. He seems OK. (email)



Reading supposedly builds one's vocabulary. This is not why I read. I read in order to learn. Still, when possible, while reading, if I come across an unfamiliar word, I will use the thesaurus.

insouciance → apathy, disinterest, indifference, unmindfulness

epistemology → the study of how we know?

Brain-based epistemology tries to ground the theory of knowledge in an understanding of how the brain works. There is good reason to keep WWR by Schopenhauer handy while exploring the theories of "modern" cognitive neuroscientists. New is not always better.

Having read the introductions of the four books listed on page 78, I have decided that, after reading The Problem of the Soul, I will take a look at these books in the following order: 1, 3, 2, 4.

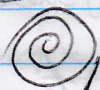
Tonight I approach the final chapter of Flanagan's text, "Ethics as Human Ecology". I may also go through a few more pages of WWR2, the chapter on Stoicism.

Note: One great motivation for living alcohol-free is my concern for my mother. She's experiencing problems with her brain...



Here at midnight, the cool breeze through the open windows lets me know my brain is getting sleepy. I have successfully resisted alcoholic inebriation again even though I had a desire to "experiment" with a 6-pack of beer. Passing the evening as I did is my way of life. I am pleased to be sleepy and relaxed rather than drunk passing out.

Reinforcement of this decision (not to drink alcohol) may come from a refreshing night's sleep, when I awaken with a clear mind rather than a splitting headache (hangover = withdrawal symptom from addiction to the numbing effects of alcohol).



One reason I may be so drawn to Schopenhauer is his misanthropy. I want to believe that my lack of "personal relationships," friendships, and romantic flings is due to the fact that I am compensated with a rich inner life.

My nephew may really appreciate his relations with Robin because she fulfills a deep longing for the Mother; why my sister deprives him of unconditional love is a mystery to me. Perhaps her mind has been damaged by her obsession with Catholicism.



I wonder if science can tell us how to live -

The old genuine Cynics, Antisthenes, Diogenes, Crates, and their disciples, renounced every possession, all conveniences and pleasures, once for all, in order to escape forever the troubles and cares, the dependence and pains, that are inevitably bound up with them, and for which they are no compensation. This seems to be the theme of Mad Prophets of Abraxas.

The genuine Cynics put up with what they could get for next to nothing, such as lupins, water, a second-hand cloak, a knapsack, and a staff. They begged occasionally to obtain these things, but they did not WORK.

Independence in the widest sense was their goal. They spent their time in resting, walking about, talking with everyone, and in scoffing, laughing, and joking. Their characteristics were of heedlessness and great cheerfulness. Schopenhauer tells us this in WWK2.

Since they had no AIMS of their own, no purposes and intentions to pursue, enjoying complete leisure, they became councillors of others.

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Now, clearly, Schopenhauer tells us how to live.
Philosophy can help us live well.

The Cynics were convinced that it is easier to reduce one's desires and needs to a minimum than to attain their maximum satisfaction.

Whereas humility seems to be essential to asceticism, Cynicism has in view pride and disdain for all other men.

Reduction of our needs to the minimum is the surest path to happiness. The Cynics were practical philosophers. The Stoics proceeded from them by changing the practical into the theoretical.

Schopenhauer is direct: "The will cannot be trifled with, and cannot enjoy pleasures without becoming fond of them."

Schopenhauer refers to the Stoics as more braggarts related to the Cynics in much the same way as the well-fed Benedictines and Augustinians are related to the Franciscans.

I finished reading The Problem of the Soul. Rather than begin Damasio's book, I want to see if I can stick mainly to WHRZ.

est) "Because in the case of thought the inexplicable stands out most immediately, a jump was at once made here from physics to metaphysics, and a substance of quite a different kind from everything corporeal was hypostatized; a soul was set up in the brain." ~ Schopenhauer (WWR2 p 174)



Am I a "cult of personality"?

Going over and over again in my mind the "great books" I sent into the county jail, one little text that gives me pause, makes me a little concerned that it may be "detected" is The Coming Insurrection by "The Invisible Committee".

C. 2009 semiotext(e) intervention series □ 1
originally published February 2007 Paris, France

It opens with: "The book you hold in your hands has become the principle piece of evidence in an anti-terrorism case in France directed against nine individuals who were arrested on November 11, 2008, mostly in the village of Tarnac. They have been accused of "criminal association for the purposes of terrorist activity" on the grounds that they were to have participated in the sabotage of overhead electric lines on France's national railways. Although only scant circumstantial evidence has been presented against the nine, the French Interior Minister has publically associated them with the emergent threat of an "ultra-left" movement, taking care to single out this book,

described as a 'manual for terrorism'; which they are accused of authoring. What follows is the text of the book preceded by the first statement of the Invisible Committee since the arrests."

I find the little text to be fucking hilarious, and I am almost certain it will become the most sought after little document first on the wing H-2 and then in the jail generally once it makes it out of that wing.

Will the guards inspect it? I mean, will someone read the contents?

The final page is not in the table of contents, ending with "... The radio keeps the insurgents informed of the retreat of the government forces. A rocket has just ~~been~~ breached a wall of the Clairvaux prison. Impossible to say if it has been months or years since the "events" began. And the prime minister seems very alone in his appeals for calm."

"There's been a leak of files containing the personal addresses of all the cops, together with those of prison officials, causing an unprecedented wave of relocations."

Of all the texts, Roberto Perez-Victoria will cherish this one!



It is Cioran's The Trouble with Being Born, to which I am drawn to this evening. I think I see the pattern. Schopenhauer requires the refreshed mind after the brain is renewed through sleep.

The Coming Insurrection is a "manual" that I can read anytime just to validate my attitude.

Cioran's work is great for "after midnight" and even 4AM.



18 August 2010 Wednesday

I am anticipating some Black Muslim coming across the passage in WNR2 p. 162 about the "Quran".

"Consider the Koran; this wretched book was sufficient to start a world-religion, to satisfy the metaphysical needs of countless millions for twelve hundred years, to become the basis of morality and of a remarkable contempt for death, and also to inspire them to bloody wars and the most extensive conquests. In this book we find the saddest and poorest form of theism. Much may be lost in translation, but I have not been able to discover in it one single idea of value."

2010.08.20

Letter from Everton Brown
MCCI

" Thanks for the respect you show just by remembering and reaching out to me in here. I write to you to say much love and respect to you for taking a good stand - the little things you do in life make life a better place for yourself, for the people you meet, and for the world in general. I will always remember you as one of the original thinkers.

Also: " Mike, I see in you a natural power to make people laugh with deep and insightful words."

Σ !!! Σ

I will write Rasta and mail out letter on my way out of Asbury Park. It is a beautiful day. No one can stop me now... so I don't even try.



21 August 2010 Sat

I have learned things. As a Rastaman character said, " I SEE THINGS,"

Don't ruin a perfectly good cup of pure black coffee with sawz of milk! (or any milk for that matter).

Don't smoke an entire cigarette in one sitting.

Take care of your bunky. It comes back 10-fold; but that's NOT WHY you do it.
(only when)

Such phenomena can be described as accidental. What draws me to Odo Marquard's In the Defense of the Accidental? Odo Marquard is considered the heir of Gadamer and Habermas, two philosophers who I learned about researching "phenomenology".

Also, [Marquard considers himself a Skeptic - My thesaurus lists skeptic as doubter, scotter, Pyrrhonist, Humist. It falls under IRRELIGION.]

[Sextus Empiricus divided philosophers into those who thought that they had found (dogmatists), those who maintained that one cannot find, and those who are still seeking (Pyrrhonian skeptics).] (academic skeptics)

[Schopenhauer is in the index!
Abandon all efforts to remain stupid!
German Idealism was a parallel action to the French Revolution. Heine wrote in 1835: "Our German philosophy is the dream of the French Revolution."]

What drew me to William Barrett's The Illusion of Technique? He covers "existential phenomenology".

[We come back to the stumbling block that no civilization, however advanced, can evade: the question of the individual in his stubborn and lonely struggle to find a meaning for his existence.]

FROM CONSCIOUSNESS TO BEING

©
[It is a paradox that I am best lonely
when I am alone in solitude engaged in
philosophical meditations, and most lonely
when I am in the midst of society.
My loneliness is metaphysical.]

©
[Kant's Critique of Pure Reason was the initiating
work of transcendental revolutionary idealism -
is part of the history of the judicialization
of the reality in which we live.]

Laugh or cry

Could Odo Marquard and William Barrett enhance
my understanding of Schopenhauer?

[The word "theodicy" is not in my thesaurus, but it is in
the index of Schopenhauer's WWK, volume 2. Schopenhauer
is a trip. He says the absurdity of optimism is
glaring. Is the world a peep-show?
Things are beautiful to behold, but to be
there is something quite different. He applauded
the work of David Hume for his attack on
optimism. The founder of systematic optimism is Leibniz.
Schopenhauer says Kant's Critique of Pure Reason
is very specially directed against Leibniz philosophy.
Odo Marquard's book starts with the concept of Theodicy.
In the defense of the accidental.

[I had to turn to "my bible" The World As Will and Representation to look into theodicy. Schopenhauer does not pull any punches. No wonder he is so ignored by academic "philosophers" (professional philosophers).]

"The Critique of Pure Reason does not permit of one's giving vent Jewish mythology as philosophy, or speaking summarily of the 'soul' as a given reality."

[He says the Théodicée is a methodical and broad development of optimism. The secret source of optimism is, namely a hypocritical flattery with an offensive confidence in its success.]

"Powerful forces of nature dwell under the firm crust of the planet. As soon as some accident affords these free play, they must necessarily destroy that crust with everything living on it. This has occurred at least 3 times on our planet, and will probably occur even more frequently." (Schopenhauer, WWR2 p. 583)

[OK. In 1791, looking back on the failure of the optimistic theodicy, Kant defines theodicy:

"By 'theodicy', we understand the defense of the highest wisdom against the charges of that reason brings against it on account of the aspects of the world which are not in harmony with its purpose."

[In the modern age, theodicy becomes necessary because it denies talk of an evil creator god. Theodicy is the attempted demonstration that the creator of the universe is not a wicked god, and that the world is not an evil world. Theodicy became necessary for the foundation of the modern age.]

[something that is useful in discussions: the ability to live with open aporias and surpluses of nonconsensus. The philosophers' chronic deficit of consensus turns out to be an ultramodern virtue: a proficiency in surviving conversational confusion without discouragement.]

“Philosophical reflection has no other object than to get rid of what is accidental” ~ Hegel

To which [ass-licking] Odo Marquard responds, “It is seldom, and reluctantly, that I contradict that great empiricist, Hegel. But here I am doing it by necessity.

To get rid of what is accidental would mean, for example, to get rid of philosophers; but without philosophers (whether they are amateurs, or professional makes no difference) there would be no philosophy, so [if one followed Hegel]

that in the end one would rid philosophy, in the name of philosophy, of philosophy. So, the accidental has to be retrieved for philosophy; for it is only through it that philosophy has reality."

~~We~~ We are not only our (intention-guided) actions, but also our accidents.



24 August 2010 Tues

"We human beings are always more our accidents than our choice."

A ~~the~~ readiness to laugh or a readiness to cry — humor and melancholy — are concrete forms taken by tolerance and compassion. These are ways of honoring the freedom and dignity of Being.

Someone who can laugh and cry is free. Someone who has laughed and cried a lot has dignity. These extreme reactions, laughing and crying, are forms of the defense of the accidental.



I enjoyed In Defense of the Accidental. Finishing the book in one evening validates my using a library for research. My grandmother (Herta) would be proud.

Could it be that my "diaries" can speak to me about my journey through life?

I had happened to pull RPP volume 8 (January - April, 2007) from the closet just before the knock on my door.

The page with a bookmark says: "Fight the Vampires! Manual OYT! Shalonda; I would be better off if she just didn't call me."

"By solving my personal problems, I am also solving the problems of the culture. This is I Real. I am documenting it."

"What I was telling them was that I need to live totally alone and isolated. I am not a nuclear father figure, but a recluse, hermit, prophet, singer, enchanter, witch."

"Shalonda is I like I a character from a Dostoevsky novel."

"Get out of my cave!"

I have had problems with hangers-on in my past (Tar House, Matawan, Federal Way) I.

"I reflect upon what scoundrels we all are."

"I'm tired of being misunderstood and judged by the ignorant & phony."

(EASTER)

About my mom, April 2007: "I was able to speak to my mother about her problems: the abuse & she is enduring at her job is taking its toll on her & psyche. When I she picked me up, she seemed like a different woman than my mother. I felt strange that I couldn't really recognize her. Where did my mother go?"

This was when her supervisor from Ethan Allen was abusing her. This traumatized her!



26 August 2010 Thursday

I wonder if the focus on the "ground zero mosque" is a media blitz distraction to keep the focus off the "BP oil disaster."

Meanwhile policies have expanded for off-shore drilling on the east coast! What the fuck.



The skies have cleared, the sun is shining, and I intend on laying by the ocean here in this last week of "summer."

I am relieved to be back here on the east coast, to have my parents, especially my mother, in my life. Now, my sister's recent display of hatred toward me forces me to sympathize with my nephew.



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28 August 2010 Saturday

"George" woke me up at 9AM with his coffee cup in hand telling me ^{the} story of how he was robbed. I, sometimes wonder how honest he is with me. He almost dropped a twenty dollar bill on my floor in the midst of telling me he had only 7 dollars left after being robbed.

Then he confided in me that he had \$80 in his shoe. Is George a potential character in a story? Who has any inclination to write clever novels when we are in the midst of the collapse of civilization?

What I scribble in notebooks could be more accessible to the future than libraries stored on harddrives which will not ^{be} accessible!

Perhaps I ought to call B to see if it is "worth" me coming into Freehold today early. I can catch the 836 at 1:40 for 4:20, depending on B.



Reading books very often triggers my own speculation: Does my sister realize that she psychologically traumatized my nephew? Maybe my sister had been traumatized by the heart breaking divorce of our parents.

57/

(C)

I saw "Harry" at the meal at Trinity. What utter hatred he displayed toward me! He called me a bum, yelling that I "get more money than he does", how I don't deserve it — that I belong in a cage! He said, "What are you, a preacher? Shut the fuck up!"

Wow. When I got my meal I went and sat with E&M. M was in good spirits.

After taking that abuse from Harry, I am glad to shake the sand I from my sandals and head into Freehold.

Maybe this is a sign for me to not be "openly happy" about my escape from the harness.

(C)

"Write in the voice of child!"

The Child walked through his childhood romping grounds and a song flowed powerfully through THIS BODY — along with drumming. There may have been some ~~renewal~~ renewal process from baptizing in the ocean each morning. There is a German word for "taking pleasure in other people's misery." What does this tell us about the exotic nature of the human creature? I am an EXOTIC CHILD of the COSMOS, baby. I feel great out of the cage.